to Contest for That Dis-

tinction.

with a dog.

Several dogs got into the enclosure where the bird was confined and chased the ostrich. When it turned upon its tormentors one of the dogs managed to fasten his teeth in the long neck of the big bird and hung on until the ostrich made a flying jump over a six foot fence. Policemen drove away the dogs and then, after a long chase, managed to drive the bird into an abandoned house. A sack was thrown over the head of the ostrich and the wounded bird was taken back to its pen in the park.

A doctor of the Emergency hospital was a big Newfoundland dog, a handsome ani-



OSTRICH BITT EN BY A DOG.

summoned, and while the policeman held the bird's neck and three park laborers held its legs, the physician dressed the wound. The surgeon took twenty-eight stitches in the gashes the dog had made in the neck of the ostrich. It was at first thought that the bird would die, but the surgeons now say that the animal will recover.

and lessons in natural history I have ever

make his way home.

make his way home.

make his way home.

make his way home.

WHAT NEXT?

Ten Cents a Piece Is Now Offered for Live Mice at Westfield,
man, and the rule is not to shoot at a chamois if it has a kid with it, as that is a pretty sure sign it is a doe.

A few minutes after we had been sitting quietly at our posts and before the drive began the keeper called my attention to chamois' head and neck, which had suddenly appeared on the sky line about 150 yards off. They came along slowly, not at all thinking of danger, and not in any way as yet disturbed by the drivers, who were a mile or two away, and who had not yet begun to drive. They both came quietly down the steep mountain side until they came to a place where there was a drop of about twelve feet, and then took place the following beautiful sight, which was also witnessed by S. and his jager from where

make his way home.

WHAT NEXT?

Ten Cents a Piece Is Now Offered for Live Mice at Westfield,
Mass., firm, offering 5 cents each for live mice in any quantity. So badly are the mice wanted by the concern that the offer was soon afterward raised to 10 cents for each and every live mouse delivered. Some weeks ago a shoe dealer arranged in a teeter board. A mouse running up the little board would incline it in the opposite direction, and as the lively little creatures scampered back and forth over the board it would be almost continuously teetering. The show attracted much attention and

shout twelve feet, and then took place its ollowing beautiful sight, which was also if witnessed by S. and his jager from where he sat: The old chamois jumped down as a matter of course, but the kid "funked" and would not follow. The old one looked up at it and then went back another way to the ledge on which the kid was standing and again jumped down, so as to show the young one how to do it, and looking up at it, as much as to say, "come along, you little stupid; it won't hurt you!" But the kid funked again and would not follow. The mother thereupon returned a second time to the ledge, and proceeded to push the kid with her head, and made it jump down, and followed it herself. Then came the alimax—the old one and the young one down, and followed it herself. Then came the climax—the old one and the young one both went round again to the same ledge and the set one jumped down first, and this time the Lid followed immediately, having been taught that it was safe and easy

GATHERING TORTOISE SHELLS Very Cruel Methods Are Used in Obtaining an Ornamental Substance.

The beautiful tortoise shell from which The beautiful tortoise shell from which combs and hatpins are made is not, as is stone was owned by Major Thomas Wilgenerally supposed, the shell proper from the turtle, but the scales which form its the turtle, but the scales which form its covering. The turtle whose shell is valued in commerce is the small variety known as the hawk's bill, which is found on the coral islands of the Southern seas. During the night the turtles leave the water to deposit their eggs in the sand, and it is then that they are captured by the watchful turtle hunters. They are turned on their backs and left in this helpless condiful turtle hunters. They are turned on their backs and left in this helpless condition until morning, when the work of loosing the scales begins. This is the repulsive part of the business. The turtles are not killed, as this would soon lead to their extermination. They are fastened by pegs in their natural position, and a fire of dry leaves is lighted upon their backs. The heat is not great enough to injure the shell, "I merely to cause it to separate at the jot is. A large blade, very similar to a chen st's spatula, is then inserted horizontallit between the lammae, which are gently ried from the back. Great care must b; taken not to injure the shell by too much heat, and yet it is not forced off until it is fully prepared for separation by a sufficient amount of warmth.

The operation is the extreme of cruelty, and many turtles do not survive it. Most of them do live, however, and thrive, and in time grow a new covering, just as a man will grow a new finger nall in place of one

in time grow a new covering, just as a man will grow a new finger nail in place of one he might lose. The peculiarity of the sec-ond growth of shell, though, is that in-stead of reproducing the original number of thirteen segments, it is restored in one

YANKEE'S PIG FATTENER.

His Patent Accomplished the Work at a Great Rate of Speed.

The most ingenious scheme ever devised

the Yankee mind was that of a man who wished to claim as exclusively his a plan for fattening hogs by a wonderful method. The plan was this: Three pigpens were built, one having several lean scrub swine, known as "razor-backs," the central one being empty, and the third containing the blooded animal which it was desired to fatten. The scheme was to let the fine plg into the central yard and let him eat all he could out of the trough. When he had as much as he could hold a bungry pig would be let in and would, of course, begin to eat. It being a pig's nature to cat as long as it saw another pig do so, the man reasoned that the full pig would immediately set to work again and take another meal. When the razor-back was full he was to be taken out and a third hungry pig brought in, when the same performance would be gone through again. plan for fattening hogs by a wonderfu

ANIMALS IN HISTORY.

Important Part They Have Played Since the Adam Inci-

A DOG AND OSTRICH FIGHT.

WHEN IT WAS ENDED THE BIG BIRD REQUIRED A SURGEON.

Important Part That Animals Have Played in History—How a Young Chamois Is Taught to Climb Mountains.

In San Francisco the other day the surgeons of the Park Emergency hospital were called upon to treat a queer patient. It was an ostrich from the park geological garden that had been worsted in a fight with a dog.

Jonah's whale, the ram of Ismael, caught by the horns and offered in sacrifice in stead of Isaac; the dog Kratim, of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, the camel of Salek, the cuckoo of Belkis, the ox of Moses and Al-Borak, that conveyed Mahomet to heaven. Sometimes the ass on which our Savior rode into Jerusalem and the one on which the Queen of Sheba appeared when she visited King Solomon are added to the list.

These animals were said to be gifted with the power of speech. Balaam's ass spoke Hebrew to his master on one occasion, the Al-Borak of the prophet Mahomet spoke Arabic, and, according to Greek Xanthos, one of the horses of Achilles, announced to that hero in Greek his approaching death, and the black pigeons gave the responses in the temples of Ammon and Dodona.

FAITHFULLY GUARDED MASTER.

ing a quiet walk. He was accompanied by a big Newfoundland dog, a handsome animal, and one which has been a favorite of the Lein family for years. When his master fell to the ground the dog went to him and began to lick his face in a vain



summoned, and while the policeman held the bird's neck and three park laborers held its legs, the physician dressed the wound. The surgeon took twenty-eight stitches in the gashes the dog had made in the neck of the ostrich. It was at first thought that the bird would die, but the surgeons now say that the animal will recover.

TEACHING A CHAMOIS TO JUMP.

Interesting Object Lesson in Natural History Studied in Swiss Mountains.

From the Badminton Magazine.

We had a full hour to wait before the drive began, and were rewarded by one of the prettiest and most interesting sights and lessons in natural history I have ever the sight of an old chamois in the standard of the crowd when it came too near. He would not leave the spot, neither would he permit his master to be helped.

After a little while the attempt was given up and a call was sent in for the ambulance. Before it could respond Mr. Lein had so far recovered that he was able to make his way home. who had noticed him fall, and they at-

scampered back and forth over the board it would be almost continuously teetering. The show attracted much attention, and other inventive minds saw its possibilities as an advertising scheme, and improved on it by replacing the teeter board by an inclined disk, which rotated rapidly when the mice ran over its surface. From the disc was evolved a hat or umbrella teetotum. This is the most advanced stage.

A toy company quickly saw its possibilities and arranged to put the thing on the market. An agent with a sample case of the attractions was sent to the large cities of the Central and Middle states, and he had but to show it to make a sale on the spot.

The company now has orders far beyond its powers to fill, the chief cause of delay being the scarcity of mice. That is why the price of the rodents is quoted at 10 cents in Westfield.

GENERAL BANTAM, C. S. A. He Wore His Spurs on Many a Hard Fought Field-Buried With

Military Honors. The only real rooster that was ever hon-

The rooster went by the name of "Gen-The rooster went by the name of "General," and Major Williams acquired him in the following manner: Before the battle of Culpepper Williams went to a house to get something to eat. The daughter of the family met him with the little bantam and said the family was preparing to fly, and the pet chicken was all that was left. The girl was pretty and she looked wistfully at the pet chicken, and the gallant major swore that the soup pot would never be the bantam's destiny.

"General" went through many battles perched on the limb of a tree. At the close of the war he returned to pleasant farm



THE MONUMENT OVER THE GRAVE OF A FIGHTING COCK.

life, but he missed the excitement of war and the blare of bugles, and poor little "General" drooped and died. He was buried with military honors, and his grave is marked by a tombstone.

Collie Drives Hens to Roost. William Reynolds, of Cliffords, Susque-hanna county, Pa., has a shepherd dog that drives his chickens up at night. About sundown the dog begins his rounds over the premises and never stops until every fowl is driven up and is in the hen house. If a chicken shows a disposition not to retire to its roosting place the dog drives it in the hen house and stands guard at the door until each chicken takes a perch on its roost.

A Remarkable Eel.

A remarkable eel has been discovered in the Fiji islands. It has a peculiar forma-tion in its throat, which causes it to whistle when in an excited state. The eel is fifteen feet long and several inches in girth.

From Lippincott's.

Ever since the serpent's entrance into the Garden of Eden, where he became the disturbing element, birds, beasts and reptiles have played an important part in the world's history.

According to the Moslem creed certain animals besides man are admitted into heaven. Among these are Balaam's ass, which reproved the disobedient prophet; Solomen's ant, which rebuked the siuggard;

Victoria's Coronation Ring.

There is a ring which the queen cherishes more than anything else she possesses save more than anything else she possesses save surrounded with diamonds, signifying the source representation ring. In fact, which she has worn every evening since the day it became hers by right, and which is jealously guarded when not encircling her finger.

GRAVES OF GREAT HORSES.

WHERE SOME OF THE MOST NOTED SIRES AND RACERS ARE BURIED.

Lexington First to Be Remembered by a Headstone, but the Resting Places of Longfellow and Domino Now Marked.

"The popular story that the bones of Lexington were articulated and are now on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington is without foundation in fact," the Philadelphia Record says, "for all that is left of this wonderful horse, which was the admiration of turfmen of two continents, lies beneath the modest stone near Henry Overton's house on the

noted Woodburn farm.
"'Uncle Frank' Harper, who was a neighbor of Mr. Alexander, followed the example set by the great Scotchman and when his incomparable turf performers and stallions, Ten Broeck and Longfellow, died, he gave them decent burial on his pretty Nantura farm, near Midway, and over the grave of each he has erected suitable monuments. These enduring stones tell the observer the breeding and the performances of the herses which lie beneath them."

The grave of the young stallion, Domino, which recently died, has been marked by an appropriate slab placed by his owners, the Messrs. Keene. But many of America's greatest turf performers and greatest sires sleep in unknown and unmarked graves. Some of the burial places are known, but

sleep in unknown and unmarked graves.

Some of the burial places are known, but remain unmarked.

Imp. Pizarro, Imp. Whistlejacket, Duke of Montrose and Strathmore are buried at the home of their former owner. Mr. Milton Young, at McGrathiana. His splendid English stailion, Osory, full brother to Ormonde, died on the ocean while being brought to this country by Mr. Young, and was buried at sea. He cost the master of McGrathiana \$10,000, and there was no insurance. Imp. Australia is buried at Woodburn; Waverly at James Gunstead's old Walnut Hill farm. At Elmendorf Virgi and Imp. Prince Charlie sleep. Imp. Gleneig was buried on Tyree Bates' farm, near Gallatin, Tenn. At General W. H. Jackson's Belle Meade farm Imp. Bonnie Scotland, Vandal and Enquirer are buried. War Dance and Meibourne, Jr., are buried on A. K. Richards' farm, in Scott county, Ky.

Do Horses Have Souls?

Do Horses Have Souls?

General Abe Buford's McWhirter, the General Abe Buford's McWhirter, the horse which broke his leg while running at St. Louis, was buried on the race course where he ran that remarkable race. It was the action of McWhirter in trying to win after both his forelegs had been broken that caused General Buford to believe that horses have souls and that they went to heaven.

leve that horses have souls and that they went to heaven.

Imp. Leamington was buried at Aristides Weish's place, Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia. He was the only stallion that ever stood in the East which compared favorably with Western horses. Grinstead is buried at Santa Anita farm, California; Harry O'Fallon at L. B. Field's place, near Lexington; Imp. Billet at Runnymeade; Imp. Buckden at Jim Guest's place, in Boyle county, Ky.; Tom Bowling, the "wild horse," at S. C. Lyne's Larchmont farm, near Lexington: Alarm at Manor Bashford farm, near Louisville.

Boston, the sire of Lexington, is buried at Ned Blackburn's old farm in Woodford county, where Senator Joe Blackburn was born. American Eclipse is also buried there.

there.

Gray Eagle, the famous show horse which took premiums over all the Kentucky stallons while he was the property of the late Parker E. Todhunter, is buried in Ohio; Medoc at Billy Buford's place in Scott county, Ky.
At Ashland farm, near Lexington, Ky.



THE GRAVES OF LEXINGTON AND TEN BROECK.

the only thoroughbred establishment in America conducted by a woman, Mrs. John M. Clay, is buried Imp. Yorkshire and the great brood mare, Magnolia, which was sent as a present to Henry Clay by admiring turfmen of Virginia. Mrs. Clay is the daughter-in-law of the great commoner, and she keeps green the little mound over Magnolia's bones. She points it out to visitors with pride.

Sir Leslie was buried at the Meadows, near Lexington, which was the birthplace of Alexander's prepotent stallion, Lexington. Sidi Hammet is also buried at the Meadows. Imp. Sarpedon, the sire of Alice Carneal, the dam of Lexington, is buried about four miles from Frankfort on the Georgetown road.

Horse Which Died Standing. he only thoroughbred establishment in

Horse Which Died Standing.

Imp. Glencoe, the only horse known to have died while standing up, is burled on Keen Richards' old farm in Scott county, Ky. Bertrand is burled in Bourbon county; Lexington's son, Norfolk, which sired El Rio Rey and other great performers out of Mariam, is burled at Theodore Winter's farm in California.

Ossian died at sea while being imported to this country, and was burled in the Atlantic: Rossifer, at Fairview Stud. Tennessee; Stachino at Woodstock, Ontario, Canada; Imp. Stylites, destroyed on account of an accident at Meadowthorpe, the home of Colonel James E. Pepper, near Lexington.

home of Colonel James E. Pepper, near Lexington.

Kentucky is buried at August Belmont's farm, in New Jersey. He was the first horse in America to sell for \$40,000. He was bred by John M. Clay, who parted with him for \$4,000. Prince Lief, Byron McClelland's well known performer, died a few months after his master, and was buried at the Kentucky association course.

DECORATED FOR BRAVERY. White Arabian Mare Which Wears the Iron Victorian Cross-She Is 22 Years Old.

One of the most interesting features of the queen's jubilee procession was a small, white Arabian mare. Her name is Tel-el-

She is 22 years old and was ridden by Field Marshal the Right Honorable Lord Roberts, who also rode her when he commanded the British troops in the famous battle in Egypt after which she is named. Around her neck was a broad band of red, white and blue ribbon, from which hung a gold medal of honor and the iron Victeria cross, two decorations which are bestowed by her majesty only as a reward for acts of the greatest gallantry and military service of unusual importance. General Roberts has ridden the mare through three campaigns in Egypt and the Soudan, and she is said to have saved the life of this famous soldier, who is second only to Lord Wolseley, on two occasions. For the last four years Tel-el-Kebir has been kept in the stables of the Horse Guards, and has received as much attention as her owner. She is the only horse that was ever decorated by Queen Victoria, and it was, therefore, appropriate that she should have a place in the procession. battle in Egypt after which she is named

The Ex-Empress of France.

The Ex-Empress of France.

The Empress Eugenie, who 30 years ago was the chief lady of Europe, and the leader of fashion, is now living at Farnberough, Eng., in complete retirement, receiving only those old friends who have retained a right to her friendship. The empress attends mass on most mornings, combining her devotions with a visit to her son's grave in the mausoleum. Every afternoon, wet or fine, the empress, who is now much crippled with rheumatism, takes a long drive. Since the death of the prince imperial she has not given any formal entertainments. She has been advised to spend some portion of each year abroad, and has decided to make her Continental home at the Villa Cyrnos, on Cape Martin.

CHAMPION BEEF DRESSER.

M. F. Mullins, of Chicago, Would Like THE PONY EXPRESS.

M. F. Mullins, foreman of Swift's abattoir at Chicago, has answered the chal-lenge recently issued by Paul Tetzel, of New York city, who signs himself "cham-

pion beef dresser of the world." Mr. Mullins has traveled all over the United States, meeting butchers on their own grounds. Out of thirty-five matches he has won twenty four. In Chicago, August 22, 1883, nine men contested for the prize, Mullins winning in four minutes and five seconds which has never been pionship contest. he can beat the New

and makes the fol-"If Mr. Tetzei means business and will put up the money to show it, I will make a match with him for \$5,000 a side, or any sum Mr. Tetzel wishes, the match to be governed by the American rules for butchering contests. Let Mr. Tetzel deposit \$500 to show his good faith and he need look no further for a contest."

As a beef dresser Mr. Mullins stands high in slaughterhouse society. It is said that the cows bellow when they see him coming with his battle ax. He has won the respect of every old milk giver in the stock yards district, and can beat the life out of the friskiest fence jumper in the twinkle of an eye. "If Mr. Tetzei means

eye.

His friends stand ready to vouch for him in a contest with Tetzel or any other man, and even the idea of defeat is not thought of for an instant.

THE "KEELEY BEAT."

It Is Not Popular With the Members of the Kansas City, Kas., Police Force-Some Incidents.

The regular monthly shifting of the police in Kansas City, Kas., took place Friday at noon, and Officer Sam Campbell proved the unlucky man. The people of the city across the Kaw would know the fate of Officer Campbell without further explanation, but for the benefit of the reading public in general the misfortune that befell this offi-

general the misfortune that befell this offi-cer will be given in detail.

In Kansas City, Kas., there are some-thing like 100 joints, or dramshops. These places are prohibited by law, but licensed by the police. The Kansas policeman is no exception to the average "cop," and conse-quently an "eye opener" in the morning or a "night cap" at closing time fills the weary officer with vigilance and makes him appreciate his station in life. It is true that some of the Kansas police have been known to work this graft until the joint-keeper was forced to suspend business. In

known to work this graft until the joint-keeper was forced to suspend business. In Kansas the keepers of dramshops are, according to the statutes of the state, outlaws, and it is not reasonable to suppose that one of these violators would accept money from a policeman for the commodity, which they handle.

Now, here is where Officer Campbell's ill luck comes in. No. 2 beat is the only territory traveled in Kansas City, Kas., by a policeman which is absolutely devoid of dramshops or joints. The Populist police of the Kansas metropolis have a horror of this beat, and it has been christened the "Keeley beat." The police never refer to it as No. 2 beat. It is exclusively known as "The Keeley." It might be well to state right here in justice to Officer Campbell that he does not drink, but he smokes, and the absence of the "weed" will be some punishment.

The Keeley beat is used by the chief of

that he does not drink, but he smokes, and the absence of the "weed" will be some punishment.

The Keeley beat is used by the chief of police as a sort of reformatory for policemen who indulge too freely in the sparkling spirits. Policemen have been known to become actually intoxicated "in Kansas." The penalty for this offense is a month on "the Keeley" beat. Officer Campbell is not doing penance for a sin, and he is simply walking the beat waiting for sentence to be passed on some other member of the force. There is one officer on the metropolitan force who has served more time on "the Keeley" than all the rest put together. But he stole a march on the chief, and, while he walked the day beat, he did not fast by any means. The willy cop conceived a unique idea. He secured the key to a coal office, which is located in a convenient spot on "the Keeley," by promising the proprietor protection from thieves. This accomplished and he established a joint of his own. The receipy, by promising the proprietor protection from thieves. This accomplished and he established a joint of his own. The water tank in the coal office was pressed into service as a cooler, and every night as this officer went on duty a pint bottle of rye whisky was placed in the cooler. Every policeman has certain points to make at certain hours of the night. This coal office, or private dramshop, was made the halfway point; that is, it was made between scheduled points.

The scheme worked charmingly for some time, but the facts finally reached the chief, and then the scheming cop walked on carpet. He was excused on conditions, and is now holding his job on probation.

RESPECT FOR THE FLAG.

One of the First Lessons Taught Cadets at West Point Military Academy. Lieutenant B. W. Atkinson, U. S. A.,

writes an article for the St. Nicholas on "The Escort to the Color." The author says, in opening his paper: The new cadet at the national military cademy, whether he has come from the little country school with its home made flag and staff, or from the city school, where floats sometimes a flag big enough to cover half the roof of the other school, has been taught to respect the beautiful emblem of his country; but he will learn at West Point, as soon as he begins his career as a future officer of the army, how thoroughly he is to be trained to honor it in his daily life. The laughing schoolboy satute he has, perhaps, given the flag from time to time now becomes a matter of sober ceremony. So rigidly required and handsomely ordered that it at once sets him to thinking; and the good, sound particitism that was in him all along soon envelops every glimpse and ceremony of the colors with a sacredness that will deepen day by day. flag and staff, or from the city school,

colors with a sacredness that will deepen day by day.

One of his first lessons is to doff his cap each time he passes the "color ine," where the color is guarded by a sentinel. Every summer the cadets pass several months in camp on the lovely banks of the Hudson, and beneath the grand old trees of the academy grounds.

During certain hours of the day a long line of stacked rifles extends along the front of the camp. Across the two stacks in the center of the line is laid the color, rolled about its staff. Up and down by this flag marches a natty cadet sentinel, and woe be unto the unlucky cadet who tries to pass this sacred trust without raising his cap.

So during his life at the academy this lesson of respect is continued, and when

So during his life at the academy this lesson of respect is continued, and when he has "doffed the cadet and donned the brevet, and changed the gray for the blue," and reported for duty with his regiment, he finds the same lessons being taught the enlisted men, and then probably for the first time does he realize the full importance of those early lessons taught in the faraway schoolhouse.

CON. MAN FOUND A MARK. It Was an Easy Task for Him to Beat the Old Soldier Out of His

Good Money.

From the Toledo Commercial. Willam J. Fitzer, a member of Company Fourth United States artillery, stationed

F. Fourth United States artillery, stationed at Ft. Riley, Kas., came to grief in this city recently. Fitzer was granted leave of absence to visit friends in the East, and arrived here en route to visit a brother at Saginaw, Mich.

At the Ann Arbor depot Fitzer was engaged in conversation by an agreeable gentleman who said he was going to Saginaw. Fitzer had left his grip down town and the stranger accompanied him down to get it. On the way to the city the third man in the play appeared and told the artilleryman's acquaintance that he had taken his baggage to the depot and that there were some charges on it. Fitzer loaned the newly-made acquaintance \$15. which was to be returned when they reached Saginaw. The stranger, to show his good faith in the matter, gave Fitzer a check on the Second National bank for \$900, made in favor of Samuel H. Morgan or bearer. The check was dated September 22, and the man from the West felt secure. Fitzer went to the depot to look after the baggage, and the man who borrowed the money failed to show up, as the check is supposed to be a bogus one, and the soldier was done out of his money.

Keeps Weil in Front.

Keeps Well in Front.

From the Chicago Record.
"Is your new clergyman progressive?"
"I suppose so. He attends funerals on his wheel."

BRAVE LITTLE KYUSE.

STORY OF AN ORPHAN PAWNEE ON

Was Once Bought for a Knife-Hov He Bravely Saved the Man Who Had Saved Him-Wonderful Alertness and Skill.

From the New York Sun. Away out in Wyoming there lived a trap-per, known only by the name of Whipsaw name given him by a gambler in Dead-

vcod. A Sioux, who had a hideous scar upon his face, had come to this trapper's camp one winter's day with a Pawnee baby, naked and nearly frozen. The Sloux want-ed to sell the boy and the trapper gave him a knife and kept the child. The young Pawnee was not more than 3 years old age, warmed him, fed him and put mocasins on his little brown feet.

Two years later Whipsaw went to keep Two years later Whipsaw went to keep the station called White Hoss for the pony express, taking the Pawnee with him. The little fellow grew to love his white father and seemed to conceive a bitter hatred for all Indians. One day some friendly hunters called at the station. The little redskin slipped out quietly, cut the ropes and let their horses go. At another time he attempted to shoot an Indian who had stopped at the door, but could not raise the riffe. Like all Indians, he was ever alert. The scratch of a prowling bear on the cabin door or a cry of a lone wolf on a faroff hill would bring him from a sound sieep. He would hear the hoofs of the incoming horses beating the plains a mile away and long before his white master could hear the faintest sound.

"Kyuse, Kyuse," he would whisper in the dead of night. He was an alarm clock for the station, and at his warning the rider who was resting there would get up, throw a saddle across the back of his broncho, and be ready to snatch the pouch from the man who was then galloping down the trail.

The little Pawnee was never too cold or too sleepy to go out and welcome the weary rider and put the nose of the spent steed, saying softly the while, "Kyuse, Kyuse."

It was the boy's great fondness for horses that caused Whipsaw to call him "Little Kyuse."

When they had kept the station a year the station called White Hoss for the pony

Kyuse."

When they had kept the station a year When they had kept the station a year Little Kyuse was known, by reputation at least, to every rider on the entire route from St. Joe to Sacramento. Once he had warned the men who were sleeping in the cablin and they had gone out just in time to save the horses that were about to be stolen by Indians. The story of the boy's doings reached headquarters, and the president of the Pony Express Company sent a short, light rifle to the young watchman, and before he was 6 years old he had killed a wolf that came to the station while he was alone.

Boy Gave Warning. Boy Gave Warning.

One night Whipsaw woke and found the boy sitting up in his blankets listening. "Kyuse?" asked Whipsaw. "No Kyuse," sald the boy, shaking his head and looking serious, "Sleep," said the man, but the Indian shook his head.
"Wake up here, Bob," said Whipsaw, "suthin's goin, wong,"

"suthin's goin' wrong."
"What is it?" asked the rider, rubbing "What is it?" asked the rider, rubbing his eyes.
"I can't make out clear," said Whipsaw.
"but suthin's wrong. This kid's cockin' his ear, an' when I tell him to lay down he shakes his head."
Whipsaw lit a match and looked at his watch.
"Long time," said the boy, shaking his head. "Long time—no kyuse."
Then they knew what the child meant. It was 1 o'clock. The pony express was an hour late, and the boy knew that it was so.

It was 1 o'clock. The pony express was an hour late, and the boy knew that it was so.

For another hour the two men sat and waited for a sign from the boy, who listened for the sound of the horses' feet. Presently the Pawnee crawled out, put his ear to the ground, came back and shook his master.

"Kyuse?" asked Whipsaw.

"Heap Kyuse," was the boy's reply, and they understood. It was not the lone rider, but a band of Sloux bent upon mischief."

Little Kyuse selzed his rifle, slipped out, and the two men followed him. To guard against surprises of this sort Whipsaw had dug short trenches, deep enough to hide a man, all about the cabin, and now, to his surprise. Little Kyuse planted himself in one of these holes. Without a word the two men took places one to the right and the other to the left of the boy, and waited. When the robbers had reached a little sag in the desert, some 500 yards from the station, they dismounted, and now came creeping. When the robbers had reached a little sag in the desert, some 500 yards from the station, they dismounted, and now came creeping upon the lonely cabin. One came crouching so close to Whipsaw that he could almost have reached him with his rifle barrel. The trapper was sore afraid that the boy or Bob might open fire, for how was this child to know that he was waiting for the band to assemble near the cabin door before attacking them? But Little Kyuse was as wise in this his first fight as a white man would be at 21. The clouds were breaking, and in the starlight they could see the Sloux, six of them, near the cabin door. They listened—one of them pushed the door open. Now an Indian went in, came out a moment later, and they all filed in at the very moment that Whipsaw was about to open fire. They would charge on the cabin door and fight the gang, which outnumbered them, even counting the boy, two to one. Without a word, Whipsaw got to his feet, and instantly his companions were at his side.

Killed the Indian.

were at his side.

Killed the Indian.

Bob held his rifle, the trapper laid his upon the ground and held a six-shot revolver in each hand. It was to be close and rapid fighting; he would empty his six-shooter and after that his knife. Little Kyuse grasped his rifle with fourteen shots in the magazine and he knew how to work it, too. There was no word of command, but as Whipsaw leaned forward they all started double quick for the cabin. Ten paces from the door they stopped, the boy still sandwiched between the men. The Sioux must have heard them, for now they came pouring out. Before they had gained the open air the little party opened fire. Two of the Indians fell, and the others returned the fire, but with bad aim. Another round from the white men and two more Sioux bit the dust. Bob was pumping his rifle when a ball from the cabin door shattered his right shoulder. Dropping his gun he pulled his six-shooter and continued to fight. Having emptied both of his revolvers, Whipsaw slammed one of them into the face of a Sioux, who came for him with a knife. The two men began fighting hand to hand now, while Little Kyuse kept pumping small shot into the other remaining Sioux. Seeing Whipsaw hard pressed, the boy began to watch for a chance to use his little rifle. Bob succeeded at last in stopping his man, and then fell weak from loss of blood. Whipsaw had been shot and badly cut, when his antagonist paused to take advantage. Instantly Little Kyuse shoved his rifle as near the Sloux's left side as he could get it and pulled the trigger, and the big, bad Indian sank in a heap. Killed the Indian

trigger, and the big, bad indian said the heap.

Thus did Little Kyuse reward the white trapper for his tender care and avenge the death of his father and mother, who had been killed by his captor, the Sioux.

In the sag not far away they found the horses that the robbers had ridden, and the express pony, with the pouch still on the saddle, standing in a bunch, their bridles tied together.

express pony, with the pouch still on the saddle, standing in a bunch, their bridles tied together.

About a mile up the trail they found the body of the rider, stiff and cold, with a bullet hole in his head, and carried him back and burled him, and there wouldn't have been a soul at the funeral only for Little Kyuse.

The next day, when they were cacheing the garcasses of the dead Indians, Little Kyuse shocked and surprised the white men by constantly clubbing and kicking the corpses. Of a sudden he gave a yell, selzed his rifle and began emptying it into one of the dead Indians. Whipsaw took the gun away from him.

"See! See!" cried the boy, pointing at the Sioux, and the trapper recognized in the slipet of the boy's wrath the hideous features of the scar-faced Sioux who had sold the child at whose hands he had, in his own good time, been taken off.

his own good time, been taken off.

He Had Seen the Ad

From the Cleveland Leader.

Two men, evidently acquaintances, were sitting together on one of the seats along the boulevard, while their bicycles lay on the grass in front of them.

"I had some bad luck the other day—or rather, my wife did," said one of them.

"How was that?" the other asked.

"She lost a diamond pin that I paid \$150 for."

THE LAST OF COBB'S ISLAND.

There Are Mourners Here in Kansa City Over the Disappearance

of This Famous Resort. Judge McDougal, Fred Howard, Frank F. Rozzelle and perhaps other Kansas City travelers are mourning over the destruc-tion of ancient and historic Cobb's island. Standing out ten miles from the mainland, island was granted by the British crown to the Cobbs in early colonial days, and for nearly 200 years has been the favorite ccean resort of the cavaliers and aristocrats of the South, while its balmy breezes and exhilerating hunting, fishing, bathing

crais of the South, while its balmy breezes and exhilerating hunting, fishing, bathing and associations have meanwhile rested refreshed and recuperated the bodies and enchanted the souls of thousands of visitors from the Northland.

A Journel reporter found Judge McDougal and Mr. Rozzelle in the latter's office reading, as one might read a memorial address upon a dead friend, a little clipping from a Virginia newspaper headed "The Last of Cobb's Island." They had known old Nathan Cobb, the owner of the Island, and earnestly sympathized with him in his bereavement; they knew every foot of the island—just where to go for the most luscious oysters, for the best hard and soft shell crabs; where to find the best shooting; in what spot to catch the rarest and best fish toward the mainland and out in the open; were personally well acquainted with the well remembered notables and potables of the magical isle, and to them its loss came as sort of personal bereavement. Among other things, Judge McDougal said: "From early manhood I have known and loved Cobb's island. In

THE ORISSA TWINS.

MORE INTERESTING FREAK THAN THE TWINS OF SIAM.

Were It Not for the Deformity They Would Be Considered Extremely Handsome Children-Tall Man of Tennessee.

The most curious human beings known at the present time are the little twen children shown in the accompanying illustration. Radica and Doodica are the names



1890 I carried Fred Howard down there, and two years ago was there again for some weeks with Mr. Rozzelle. I am somewhat familiar with almost every American summer resort, from sea to sea, from lakes to gulf, but to me that island was by far the loveliest spot I have ever known, and in this estimate every one who knew that island will concur. Paraphrasing the language of the one immortal human. Take it for all in all, we shall never see its like again." To these sentiments Rozzelle responded with a fervent "Amen." Then, muttering something about going out to drown their sorrows in "good Old Crow, just like we used to get down at Cobb's island," the two mourners disappeared down the elevator of the New York Life building, leaving on the desk the following clipping from the Cape Charles (Va.) Light:

Slowly but surely the sea is sweeping Cobb's island from the map of Virginia. Only a pitiful little sand spit remains, with a few straggling houses fighting with the fickle sand. Uncle Nathan Cobb, the sturdy, noble Roman of the beach, has moved his last outhouse off, and only goes down every day or so to look for his heart, that he has lost somewhere on that eration would prove fatal to both. Their father, however, mainly through supersiteration would prove fatal to both. Their father, however, mainly through superstitious reasons, endeavored to do this shortly after birth, but happily was prevented in time. A close examination still shows the scar.

It is pleasing to know that the twins seldom quarrel, which, after all, would probably prove awkward to both. They are terribly jealous, however, and if one is given anything that the other has not neither is slow in "landing out."

The twins are well educated, speaking French and German fluently, as well as a smattering of English. Their education is well looked after by a Scottish governess,

FORGED TO WIN A GIRL.

Bought Silks and Satins Galore to Make His Sweetheart Love

Him. Christ Schrood, aged 22, of Coraopolis went to Philadelphia to induce a young woman to marry him. She laughed at wholesale dry goods company he bought a lot of goods there on credit and in part payment gave up a check for \$125, to which he said he forged his mother's signature. He thought he could make a show before the girl by exhibiting the pretty silks and

satins he bought. He had the goods sent to the house where the girl lives. He wanted to raise a little the girl lives. He wanted to raise a little ready money and took a plece of black brocaded dress goods to a diamond cafe to pawn. There he was arrested.

Detectives recovered from the girl fifteen yards of handsome purple velvet, fifteen yards of pink satin and twenty yards of white satin, a lot of blue velvet, a number of fancy colored silk waist patterns, brocaded silk and cloth and three dress patterns, altogether about 100 yards of stuff.

last Friday and Saturday. They sold for a trifle to white and black the beds that have brought sleep to thousands of this old world's tired travelers, who, from faroff, steaming cities, have come to its shining shores to breathe the sweet breath of the sea and feel the pulse of its mighty tides. Uncle Nathan only stopped a moment at the sale as he came up the creek from the day's pilgrimage to the island. As his eyes caught the sight of the auctioneer crying off a piece of furniture and the joking, jostling crowd, he turnel and said with a voice full of pathos, "Well, it looks like the old island's gone this time. We can look on and long and hope, but the old ocean is unconquerable. She has her way. Ah! man, but it's hard for me." His eyes filled with tears, and he pushed his little boat on up the creek to get away from the sound of the auctioneer's voice.

Uncle Nathan is not alone in his great sorrow. The hearts of thousands who love nature, and who, with him, have felt the thrill of her close touch on those white sands and beautiful waters, mourn their great loss also. They will dream of its cool breezes, its solemn marshes, its sands, its tides, its birds and fish, and wake in the world's fevered life with a sigh and tears at the realization of their loss. The earth is poorer for the ruin of that bit of sand." THE ELIMINATION OF MEANNESS A Tendency of the Healthfulness of

the Twentieth Century. From the Western College Magazine. ucation will be the elimination of meaness. Meanness is smallness. Smallness. is the result of dwarfing. Dwarfing comes

from disease. The opposite of disease is health. Unhealthfulness has created a health. Unhealthfulness has created a great demand for palliatives. Palliatives are only a postponement of the inevitable collapse. Mental health will be the result of generations of rigid practice of mental hygienics. The close of the nineteenth century is big with signs of hope for the beginning of such a practice. There is more soundness in the widespread discussion of educational topics than in many previous decades. The buoyant, optimistic and cheerful souls are at the helm.

IS THERE A TALLER MAN IN THE WORLD?

Bud Rogan Is Eight and One-half Feet High-His Foot Is Seventeen and One-

half Inches Long-He Can Hide a Plate in His Mouth. Sumner Fauley, who represents a Zanesville, O., firm, is a popular traveling man. He is known in every large town of Kansas and Missouri, and he knows the towns, their quaint characters and curious and interesting features. His delight is to



Nashville, in the person of Bud Rogan, whom he considers one of the tallest, if not the tallest, man in the world. The accompanying sketch will give some idea of this negro giant. By actual measurement he is eight feet six inches tall in his stocking feet. He is proportionally large, and before a recent illness he weighed 300 pounds. His feet are seven-teen and one-half inches long. The middle finger of his hands is eight inches in length. as with most tall men, his length appears

down every day or so to look for his heart, that he has lost somewhere on that beautiful beach, and then comes wandering back with the tide, glancing over his shoulder through eyes that are wet with the dew of a great love.

They had the sale of all that is left of the hotel property down at the landing last Friday and Saturday. They sold for a trifle to white and black the beds that have beaught sleep to thousanded of this

Wonderful Self-Denial.

"Wonderful how those Indians can play football the way they do."
"Not at all; Indians are athletic."
"I know; but how do they keep their minds off the other fellows' long hair?"

From the Chicago Record.

which have

cartoonist.

"I had some bad luck the other day—or rather, my wife did," said one of them. "How was that?" the other asked. "She lost a diamond pin that I paid \$150 for." "You don't say so. By the way, was it a diamond?" "Yes." "Set in rather old-fashioned style?" "Yes., yes." "The stone is what is known as a blue diamond, wasn't it?" "The stone is what is known as a blue diamond, wasn't it?" "Yes. By George, this is lucky. Did you find it, or was it somewhere on the boulevard between the parks?" "Yes. By George, this is lucky. Did you find it, or was it somebody you know that picked it up?" "No, I didn't find it. I was just wondering if that was your advertisement I saw in Sunday's paper."

The grass in front of them. As with most tail men, his length appears to be in his legs. He has an enormous mouth. A common water glass seems to get lost in it; when he closes his lips his cheeks don't even bulge. He can conveniently hide a small sized plate in this great opening in his face.

He is but 20 years old, and an unusually bright, interesting colored man. Until two years ago he was in the best of health. At that time he was taken ill with rheumatism and has since managed to get only temporary relief. He has difficulty in getting upon his feet, but it is thought that in course of time he will outgrow his disable to the will outgrow his disable to the late of Sarah B. John I. Warner, state, intend to he has a wagon drawn by goats with which he meets incoming trains and hauls valies and packages to hotels and hereof at the next home, as he is her only child.

Now man and the lost in the said estate of the intending the same to t

IN L WARNER